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IN MEMORY OF WATKINS

OF

JOHN RUSSELL HAYES

1848

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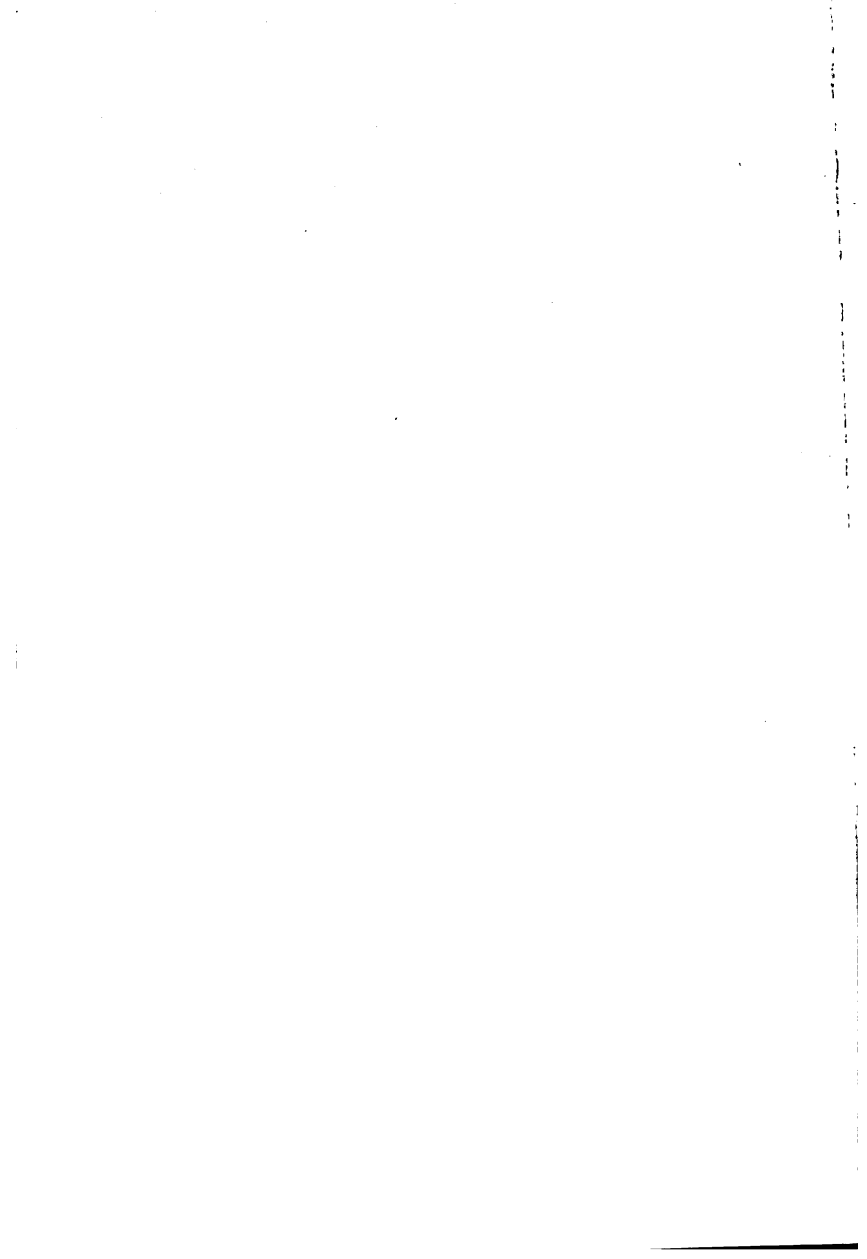
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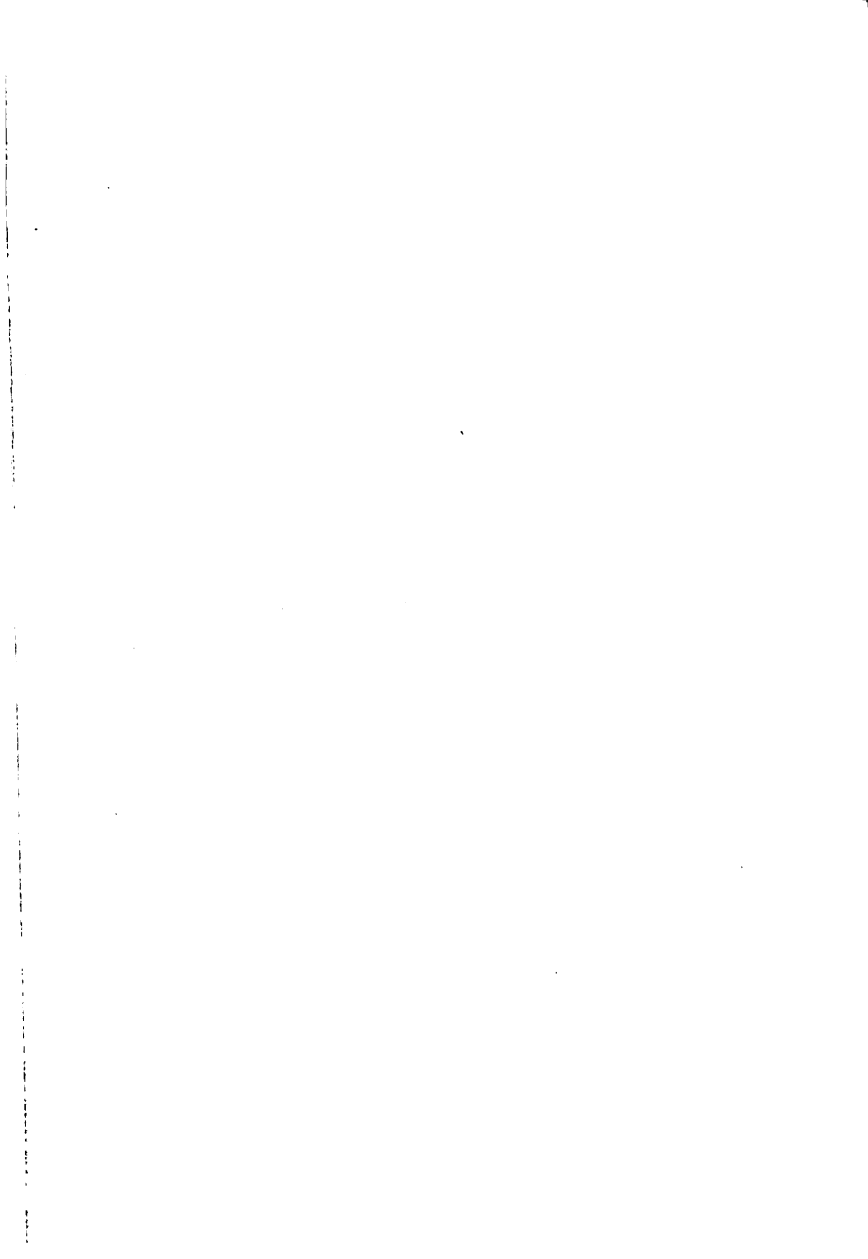


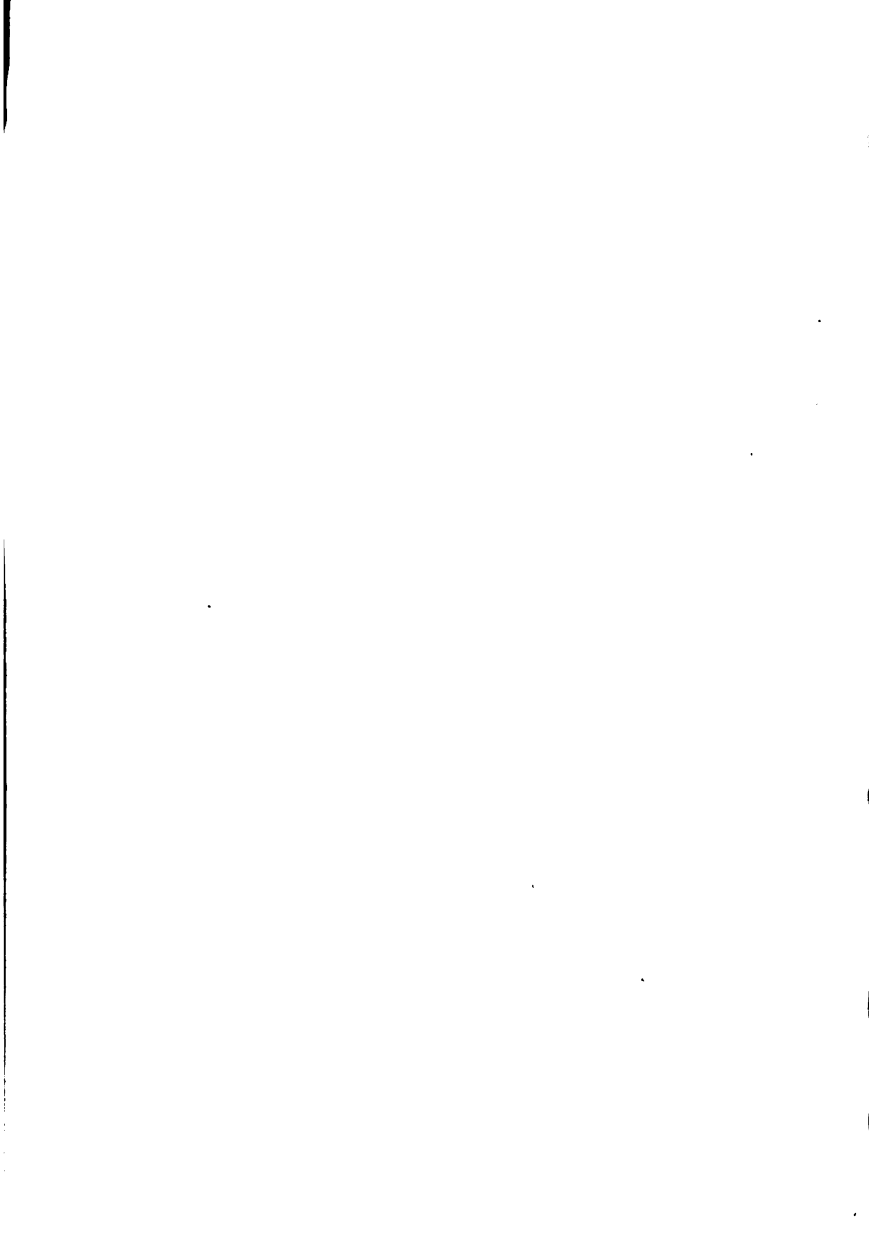
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Christmas Greetings

Dr & Mrs. Gifford.







IN MEMORY OF WHITTIER

BY THE SAME AUTHOR :



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(out of print)

The Brandywine

Illustrated by Robert Shaw

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Swarthmore Idylls

Illustrated by Robert Shaw

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Old Meeting-Houses

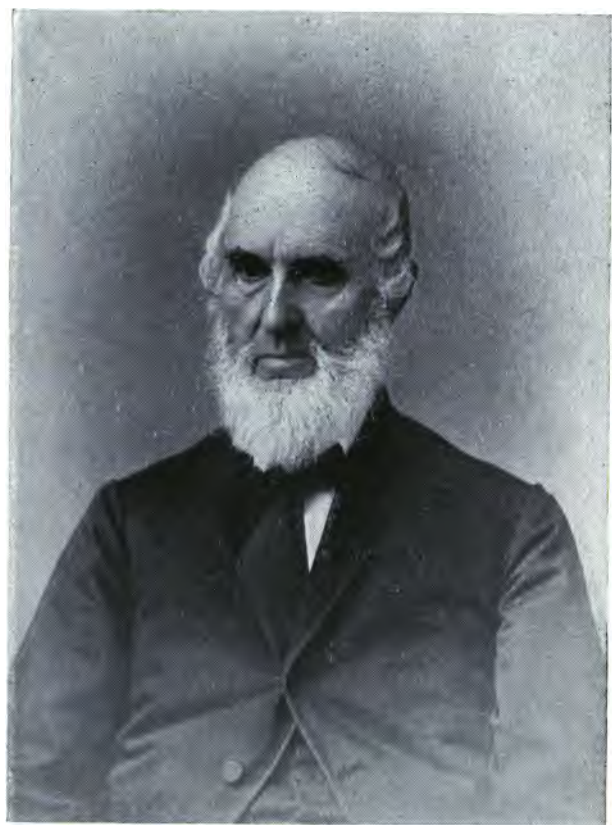
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THE BIDDLE PRESS

Philadelphia



IN MEMORY OF WHITTIER

BY

JOHN RUSSELL HAYES

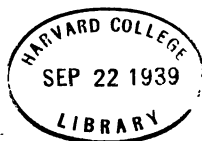
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W

TO
CHARLES FRANCIS JENKINS

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IN MEMORY OF WHITTIER

I

While Whittier lived among us on this earth
A saintly man walked our familiar ways,
And, like the saints of olden time, prevailed
By force of simple goodness; he was one
Who followed righteousness unwaveringly,
Who fought the good fight in his manly prime,
Who dreamed his dreams, and in high melodies
Chanted his dreams and poured forth his great soul.

How often in reflective hours I love
To ponder on his precious verse, and muse
On his victorious and noble life!
Where shall we look to find a poet brother
Like him in fine simplicity, so meek,
So all unworldly, save among the hills
And dreaming lakes of the old mother-land,—
Who but great Wordsworth heard the spirit's voice
And sang its message in like melodies
As Whittier? Who but our Quaker seer
Knew Nature's inmost heart as Wordsworth knew?—

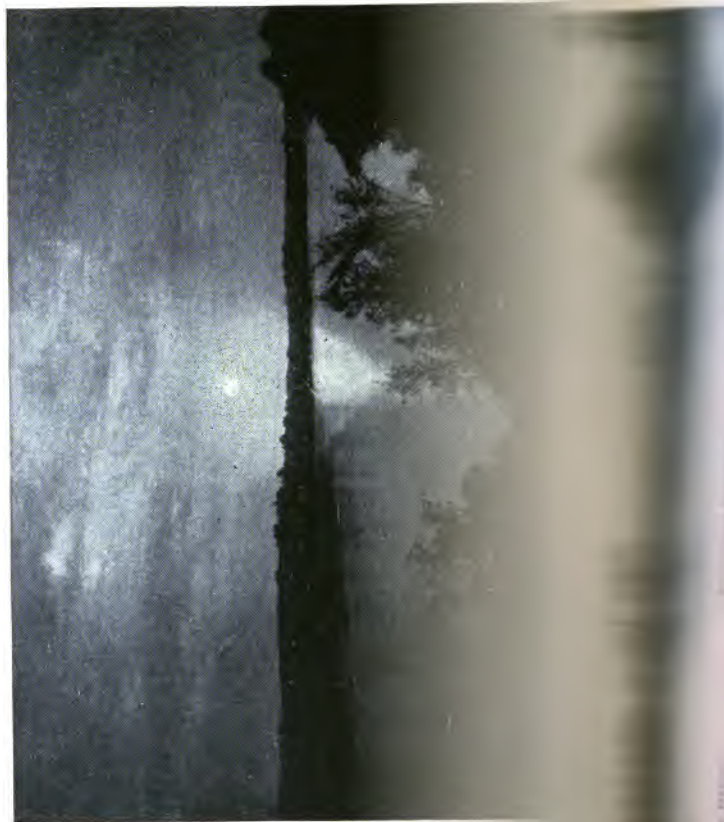


"Stream of my fathers"

The Merrimac by Moonlight

*A lover of the meadows and the woods,
And mountains, and of all that we behold
From this green earth . . . well pleased to recognize
In nature and the language of the sense,
The anchor of his purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of his heart, and soul
Of all his moral being.*

Think not the poet, calm in outward mien,
Is not profoundly moved by loveliness;
Beauty and goodness feed "that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude"; and oft
In common things unseen by thoughtless men,
In quiet stream or cloud or wayside flower,
The poet finds beatitude and joy.
So was it with our tranquil Quaker bard,—
He loved all beauty on this lovely earth,
Cherished and mused on it, till it became
Part of his dreamful mind, and so in time
Was made the theme of his delightful song.
He loved the laughing eyes of children dear,
The charm of kind and winsome womanhood
Where beauty is the mark of heavenly grace,
The fine benignity of gray old men
Crowned with deep peacefulness; he loved the stars,
The tranquil clouds that swim the heavenly seas,
The wandering moon, and sunset's smouldering fires.



He loved, and rivers blue,
That shimmer 'neath the sun;
All he saw God manifest,
In nature's myriad loveliness.
In worship of the living God
In cloud and stream and flower
His birds, he blent his love
In waiting on the Lord
In prayer;—O deeply wise,
In the holy haunts
In the wood, and equally
In the still house of prayer!—

*My friend, because I seek
After twice a week,
In the pine-laid floor
Of the hall or sea-sung shore;
In the silent stands
Of the altar made with hands,
In the quiet still and small
Of the confessional.
In the special place of prayer
I seek is everywhere.*

He tells the equal joy
With his fellow-men
On benches 'mid the calm,—



"Melodious brooks he loved, and rivers blue"

The Artichoke River

Melodious brooks he loved, and rivers blue,
And lordly lakes that shimmer 'neath the sun;
And through it all he saw God manifest,
Speaking through nature's myriad loveliness.
And with his worship of the living God
As manifest in cloud and stream and flower
And songs of joyous birds, he blent his love
Of peaceful hours of waiting on the Lord
In quiet meeting-hour;—O deeply wise,
To find the Father in the holy haunts
Of ancient sea and wood, and equally
Beneath the roof in the still house of prayer!—

*Dream not, O friend, because I seek
This quiet shelter twice a week,
I better deem its pine-laid floor
Than breezy hill or sea-sung shore;
Invisible and silent stands
The temple never made with hands,
Unheard the voices still and small
Of its unseen confessional.
He needs no special place of prayer
Whose hearing ear is everywhere.*

And then the poet tells the equal joy
Of silent worship with his fellow-men
Upon the ancient benches 'mid the calm,—



*"And so I find it well to come
For deeper rest to this still room"*

**The Meeting-House,
Amesbury**

*And so I find it well to come
For deeper rest to this still room,
For here the habit of the soul
Feels less the outer world's control;
And from the silence multiplied
By these still forms on either side
The world that time and sense have known
Falls off and leaves us God alone.*

A heavenly music breathes from those loved lines;
And all our old ancestral faith revives
And gains fresh dignity when thus portrayed
So tenderly and with so great a charm.

II

Nor less I love our Poet when he sings
The homely, quaint old-fashioned country life,
The golden summers when he roved and dreamed
A happy barefoot boy; the wholesome fare,
The rustic labors. Whittier tells of these
In new-world eclogues sweet as Virgil's own,
Fragrant with wood grapes, hay fields, wild strawberries,
With forest flowers and laden orchard boughs,
Musical with the murmur of wild bees,
With lowing cattle and with bubbling springs,
And songs of robins and of orioles.

*O for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
Knowledge never learned of schools,
Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild-flower's time and place,
Flight of fowl and habitude
Of the tenants of the wood.
Let the million-dollared ride!
Barefoot, trudging at his side,
Thou hast more than he can buy
In the reach of ear and eye,—
Outward sunshine, inward joy:
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!*



"Our hearth-fire's ruddy glow"

And who loves not the dear familiar lines
That tell of winter's brisk and wholesome tasks
And cheery fireside joys; and, breathed o'er all,
The loving spirit of sacred memories,
The mystery of God's unfading peace!

*Shut in from all the world without,
We sat the clean-winged hearth about,
Content to let the north-wind roar
In baffled rage at pane and door,
While the red logs before us beat
The frost-line back with tropic heat;
And ever, when a louder blast
Shook beam and rafter as it passed,
The merrier up its roaring draught
The great throat of the chimney laughed.
What matter how the night behaved?
What matter how the north-wind raved?
Blow high, blow low, not all its snow
Could quench our hearth-fire's ruddy glow.
O Time and Change!—with hair as gray
As was my sire's that winter day,
How strange it seems, with so much gone
Of life and love, to still live on!
Ah, brother! only I and thou
Are left of all that circle now,—*



Elizabeth Whittier
(The poet's sister)

*The dear home faces whereupon
That fitful firelight paled and shone.
Henceforward, listen as we will,
The voices of that hearth are still;
Look where we may, the wide earth o'er,
Those lighted faces smile no more.*

*Yet Love will dream, and Faith will trust,
(Since He who knows our need is just,)
That somehow, somewhere, meet we must.
Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress-trees!
Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play!
Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That Life is ever lord of Death,
And Love can never lose it own!*



*"That ancient house
'Mid the green meadows and the orchard slopes
Where Whittier's boyhood passed"*

III

Those lighted faces smile no more,—ah me,
Who hath not felt the tender sad regret
That surges to the heart amid the scenes
And haunts of childhood! Whittier speaks our love,
Deep and enduring, for the ancient farms
And tranquil homesteads dear to memory,
Yet touched with endless pathos through the years
Since now our loved ones greet us there no more
At garden gate or by the ruddy hearth.

Such pathos clings about that ancient house
'Mid the green meadows and the orchard slopes
Where Whittier's boyhood passed,—an old-time house
With centuried traditions, now bereft
And silent since the Poet comes no more,—
Silent, yet eloquent of happy years,
Of rustic labor and of kindly deeds
And family love and sweet content and peace.

Here foams the little brook, dear to his heart,
Down through the idyllic grove and 'mid the fields
Below the orchard on the breezy hill,
Singing as joyously now as of yore.

*Laughed the brook for my delight
Through the day and through the night,*



"Laughed the brook for my delight"

*Whispering at the garden wall,
Talked with me from fall to fall;
Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,
Mine the walnut slopes beyond,
Mine, on bending orchard trees,
Apples of Hesperides!*

Here stands the long low heavy-timbered barn
Across the road, with fragrant granary
And deep-set mows and antique shop and forge,—
Lonely and silent now, where once the boy
Took part in all the wholesome country tasks
Among the friendly, patient animals,—

*Littered the stalls, and from the mows
Raked down the herd's-grass for the cows:
Heard the horse whinnying for his corn;
And, sharply clashing horn on horn,
Impatient down the stanchion rows
The cattle shake their walnut bows.*

Not far away the Poet's well-loved haunt,
Great Hill, stands up against the breezy sky,
From whose high crest are many cities seen,
Hamlets and busy towns, and silver lakes
'Mid forests dark; and in the dreamy west
Monadnock towering heavenward; far to south



*Whittier's Garden,
Amesbury*

That old romantic mountain grand and lone,
Wachusett; with the billowy Deerfield range
Dim on the northern line; while, bright with sails,
Grey ocean heaves and slumbers peacefully
Or rolls and flashes in the morning sun
Magnificent.

There lately as I roved
By that old house and down that little stream
And o'er those breezy hills, how poignantly
I felt the solemn beauty of it all!
Each spot seemed hallowed by the tender thought
Of Whittier's youthful years; each woodland haunt,
Each fair New England landscape, each old room
Of that dear memoried house, seemed eloquent
Of him who worked and pondered here, who fed
His dreams amid these quiet groves and fields
And nourished his great soul among these hills.

Dear home-land haunts, the simple Quaker bard
Loved you beyond all fancied scenes afar;
And if at times he mused with mild regret
On Syrian lands, on Venice, or the Alps,
Whose charms he might behold in dreams alone
And wistful thought,—yet loyally he clung
To his dear home-land hills, meekly content
To bide through life near those ancestral scenes,—
Scenes that sufficed his warm home-loving heart.



"The beach-birds dance and the gray gulls wheel"

*The eye may well be glæd that looks
Where Pharpar's fountains rise and fall;
But he who sees his native brooks
Laugh in the sun, has seen them all.
The marble palaces of Ind
Rise round him in the snow and wind;
From his lone sweetbrier Persian Hafiz smiles,
And Rome's cathedral awe is in his woodland aisles.*

*Home of my heart! to me more fair
Than gay Versailles or Windsor's halls,
The painted, shingly town-house where
The freeman's vote for Freedom falls!*

*And sweet homes nestle in these dales,
And perch along these wooded swells;
And, blest beyond Arcadian vales,
They hear the sound of Sabbath bells!
Here dwells no perfect man sublime,
Nor woman winged before her time,
But with the faults and follies of the race,
Old home-bred virtues hold their not unhonored place.*

IV

I love his Songs of Labor, sweet with sounds
Of wholesome toil and rustic fellowship,
Fragrant of forests and of ocean winds.
He sings the golden harvests of the corn
In mild October, of old kitchen hearths
And rosy country girls, of long stone barns
And creaking harvest-wagons,—all the scenes
Of quaint old-fashioned merry husking-bees.

*Heap high the farmer's wintry hoard!
Heap high the golden corn!
No richer gift has Autumn poured
From out her lavish horn!*

*Let other lands, exulting, glean
The apple from the pine,
The orange from its glossy green,
The cluster from the vine;*

*But let the good old crop adorn
The hills our fathers trod;
Still let us, for his golden corn,
Send up our thanks to God!*

The building of the stately ships he sings,
Where sturdy wrights and smiths, from centuried oak
And ringing iron, form with cheery zeal

The mighty barks that sail the ocean's fields.
High destiny the poet wishes her,
Each lordly vessel—freight of golden grain
And fruits and balmy spice,—no cargoes base
Of groaning slaves or draughts that dull the soul.

*God bless her! wheresoe'er the breeze
Her snowy wings shall fan,
Aside the frozen Hebrides,
Or sultry Hindostan!
Where'er, in mart or on the main,
With peaceful flag unfurled,
She helps to wind the silken chain
Of commerce round the world!*

So with the drovers and the fisher-folk
And men who fell great trees on mountain-slopes,—
His kindly heart with cheery comradeship
Warms toward them all; and toil till now unsung
Finds glory in his lays, and humble men
Grow noble in his verse sincere and strong.
How like his well-loved Burns does Whittier seem
In these his poems of democracy!

And who loves not his Ballads, epics true
Though brief and simple, of heroic deeds,
Of sacrifice upon the stormy seas
And great devotions in life's daily fields!

Happy the child who nourishes his dreams
And builds his pure ideals from these tales!
And how for us old memory wakes and thrills
O'er Barbara Frietchie's splendid loyalty,—
Or hears once more on India's far fields
The blithe and tender pipes of Lucknow blow,—
Or looks on sweet Maud Muller raking hay
In that unfading pensive pastoral scene,—
Or sees soft Pity and Love like angels shine
Above sad Buena Vista's battle-field!

The wonder and the glory of the sea
Breathe in these Ballads;—hundred-harbored Maine,
The Rocks of Rivermouth, the steady chime
Of sunset waves around fair Appledore,—
They live for us as vividly to-day
As when they first enthralled us in his song.
O I could listen hour on golden hour
To Whittier's moving and melodious lays!
Beside the ruddy hearth on winter nights
They gain a fresh impressiveness, they stir
Kindly affection and soft sympathy,
And leave us nobler for their lessons pure.



"The wonder and the glory of the sea."

V

We who are native to these dreamy hills
 And valleys green of Penn's old Commonwealth,—
 These old-time Quaker shires that Whittier loved,
 Chester, and Bucks, and Delaware,—must prize
 "The Pennsylvania Pilgrim," chief among
 Our poet's ballads; 'tis a heart-felt tale,
 And warm with Whittier's sweetest kindliness
 And Quaker sympathy; he wrote no verse
 More fragrant of the dear old Faith we hold,
 More beautiful with pictures of the peace
 And fruitful silence of the Meeting hour,—

*Fair First-Day mornings, steeped in summer calm,
 Warm, tender, restful, sweet with woodland balm,
 Came to him, like some mother-hallowed psalm.*

*Lowly before the Unseen Presence knelt
 Each waiting heart, till haply some one felt
 On his moved lips the seal of silence melt.*

*Or, without spoken words, low breathings stole
 Of a diviner life from soul to soul,
 Baptizing in one tender thought the whole.*

And, noblest strains of all, he sang his faith
 In the Divine in man upon this earth—
 Immanuel, God in each human heart.
 The crowning glory of his muse are they,



*Whittier's Home,
Amesbury*

These paeans and these hymns; they have the fire
And grandeur of the old prophetic vein;
They flame with inspiration straight from God;
They shine with heavenly hope and heavenly grace.
Where shall we find more comfort, greater cheer,
Than in these hymns and prophecies! What words
Apart from Holy Writ can equal quite
"The Eternal Goodness" in wide charity
And child-sweet faith in the All-Father's love?—
His most majestic utterance, most informed
With his heart's deepest faith. I never hear
Its sad and lovely cadences from lips
Of earnest worshippers, but that I say—
Here is a creed for all the tribes of earth!

*Yet, in the maddening maze of things,
And tossed by storm and flood,
To one fixed trust my spirit clings;
I know that God is good!*

*The wrong that pains my soul below
I dare not throne above:
I know not of His hate,—I know
His goodness and His love.*

*I dimly guess from blessings known
Of greater out of sight,
And, with the chastened Psalmist, own
His judgments too are right.*



*Whittier's Room,
Centre Harbor, N. H.*

*I long for household voices gone,
For vanished smiles I long,
But God hath led my dear ones on,
And He can do no wrong.*

*I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.*

*And so beside the Silent Sea
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.*

*I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.*

*And Thou, O Lord! by whom are seen
Thy creatures as they be,
Forgive me if too close I lean
My human heart on Thee!*

"The Eternal Goodness,"—it hath breathed its fire
On many a rapt soul; many a prayer and poem
Hath sprung to life inspired by Whittier's hymn.
Thus with a younger poet of our land
It took the form of such a prayer as this:



*Whittier's Study,
Amesbury*

*Christ of Judea, look thou in my heart!
Pure soul and tenderest of all that came
Into this world of sorrow, hear my prayer:
Lead me, yea lead me deeper into life,
This suffering, human life wherein thou liv'st
And breathe'st still, and hold'st thy way divine.
'Tis here, O pitying Christ, where thee I seek,
Here where the strife is fiercest; where the sun
Beats down upon the highway thronged with men,
And in the raging mart. Oh! deeper lead
My soul into the living world of souls
Where thou dost move.*

*But lead me, Man Divine,
Where'er thou will'st, only that I may find
At the long journey's end thy image there,
And grow more like to it. For art not thou
The human shadow of the infinite Love
That made and fills the endless universe!
The very Word of him, the unseen, unknown
Eternal Good that rules the summer flower
And all the worlds that people starry space!**

*From "Credo," by Richard Watson Gilder



*Oak Knoll,
Whittier's Home near Danvers*

VI

And now, what can I say of Whittier's power,—
Why should he see great visions, and dream dreams,
And voice them in undying melodies?
O friends, I know he saw,—and felt,—and sang,—
Because he ever kept one pure ideal,
One starry gleam, before him all his days.
He dwelt with Beauty, and he loved her well;
With Goodness, and he followed her behest.
And never any worldliness or pride,
Baseness or jealousy, had lodging-place
In his calm spirit; he was not disturbed
By storms that overwhelm less steadfast souls;
But clear of vision and high-heartedly
He saw Truth shining still, a flaming star
That brightened all his path and made his years,—
Albeit he had sailed thro' troubled seas,—
One blessed course of pure tranquillity;
And once again upon this ancient earth
A saintly man walked our familiar ways.

* * * *

Would I had seen our saintly Whittier,
The noble, gray old Poet, face to face;
Would he had come to Swarthmore now and then
In his ripe years, as in old days long past

their neighbors.

I am feeble in health
but able to get about
considerably, & read
& write some and I
hope to be able to
visit Pennsylvania
this winter, though I
dare not look forward
much.

Give my love
to all who remember
me, and believe
me always affection-
ately thy friend of
the old days.

John W. Hutton

Letter to Hannah Cox, Longwood,
near Kennett, Pennsylvania,
from Amesbury, Mass.,
25th 9th mo. 1873

He came to these old Pennsylvania hills
And visited in ancient Quaker homes!
Those deep, dark eyes, those firm sweet-smiling lips,
That gracious aspect of benignity,—
How they had blest our youth! O I must grieve
To think we of the younger Quaker line
Have never looked upon his kindly face,
Heard his sweet words of peace and friendliness,
Or felt his cordial hand-clasp. It had been
A consecration to remember him,
The great and simple Friend, the Quaker Seer!

*Straight as a mountain pine,
With the mountain eagle's eye,
With the hand-clasp strong, and the unhushed song,
Was it time for him to die?*

*Prophet and priest he stood
In the storm of embattled years;
The broken chain was his harp's refrain,
And the peace that is balm for tears.*

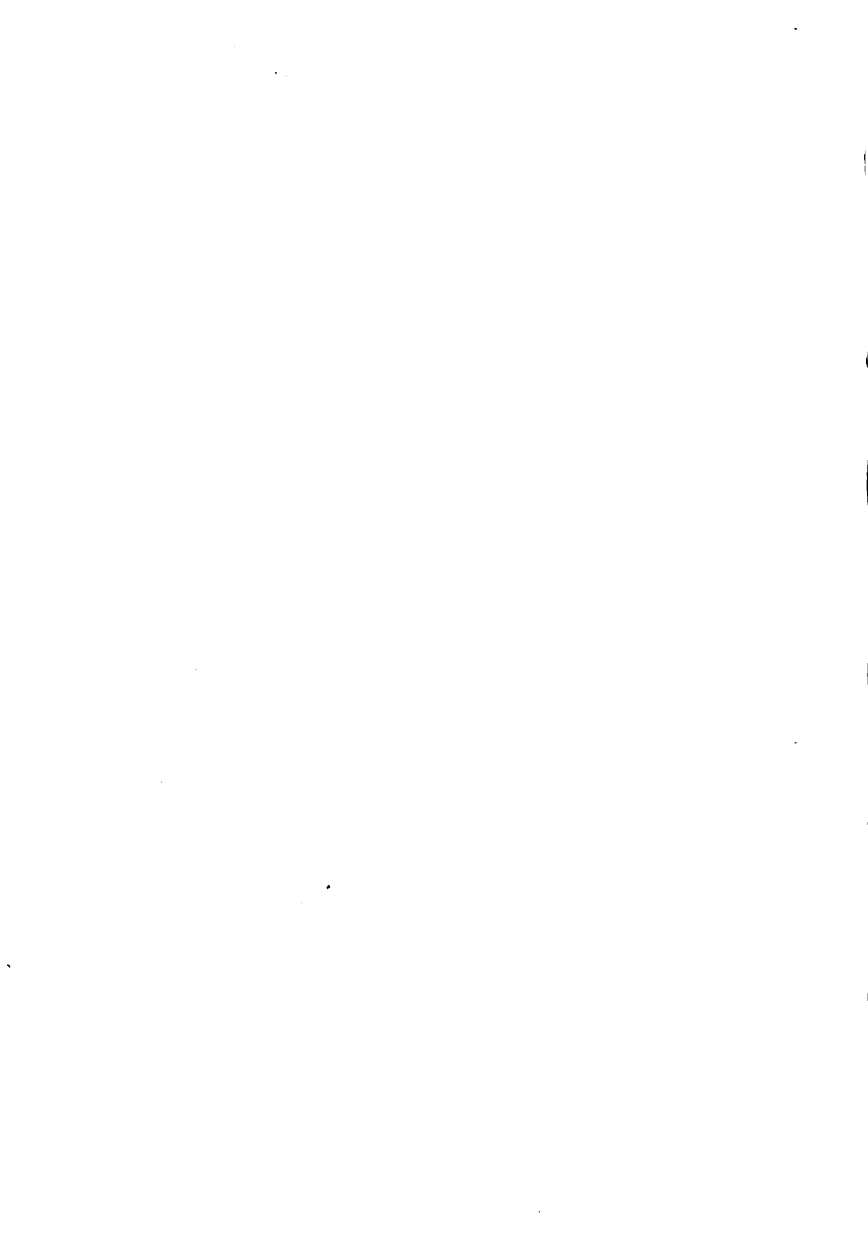
*The hills and the valleys knew
The Poet who kept their tryst.
To our common life and our daily strife
He brought the blessing of Christ.*

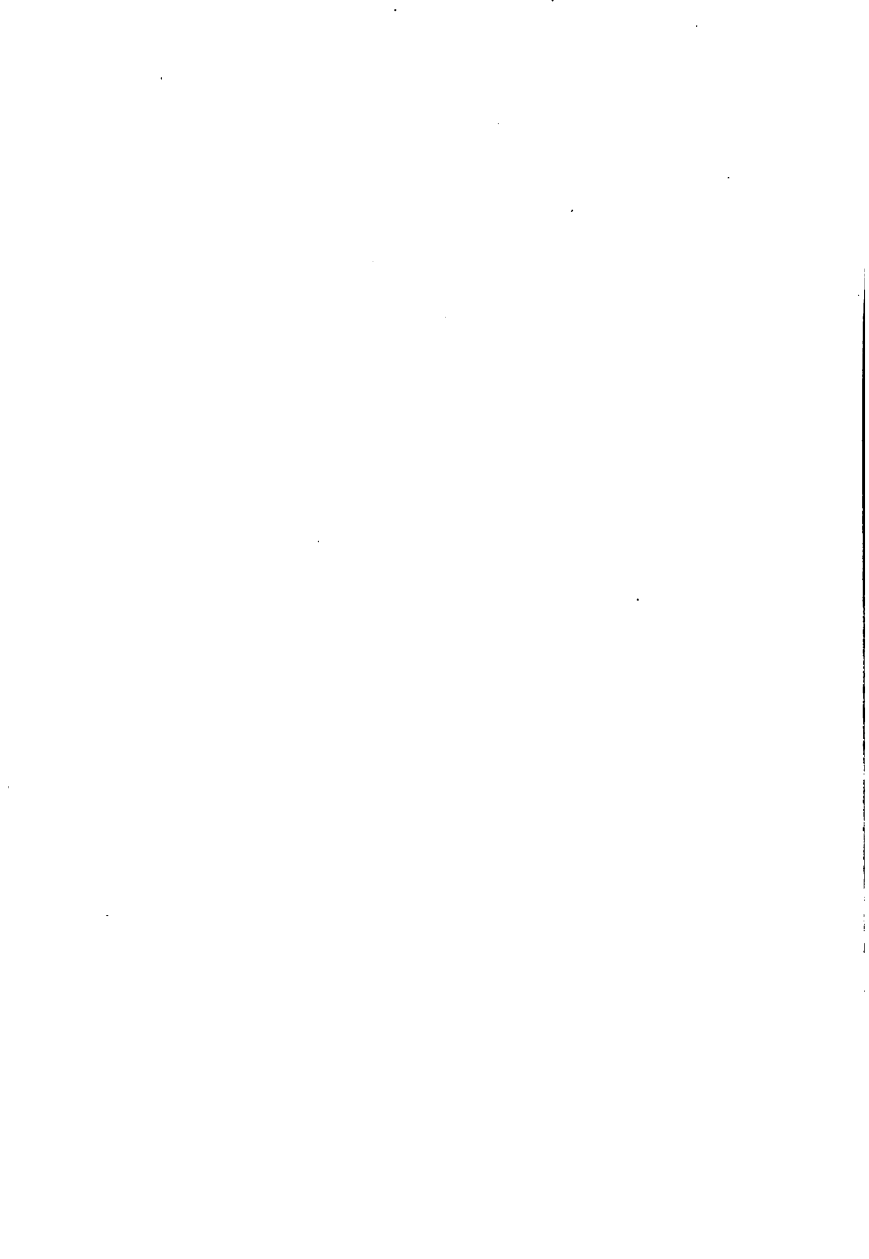


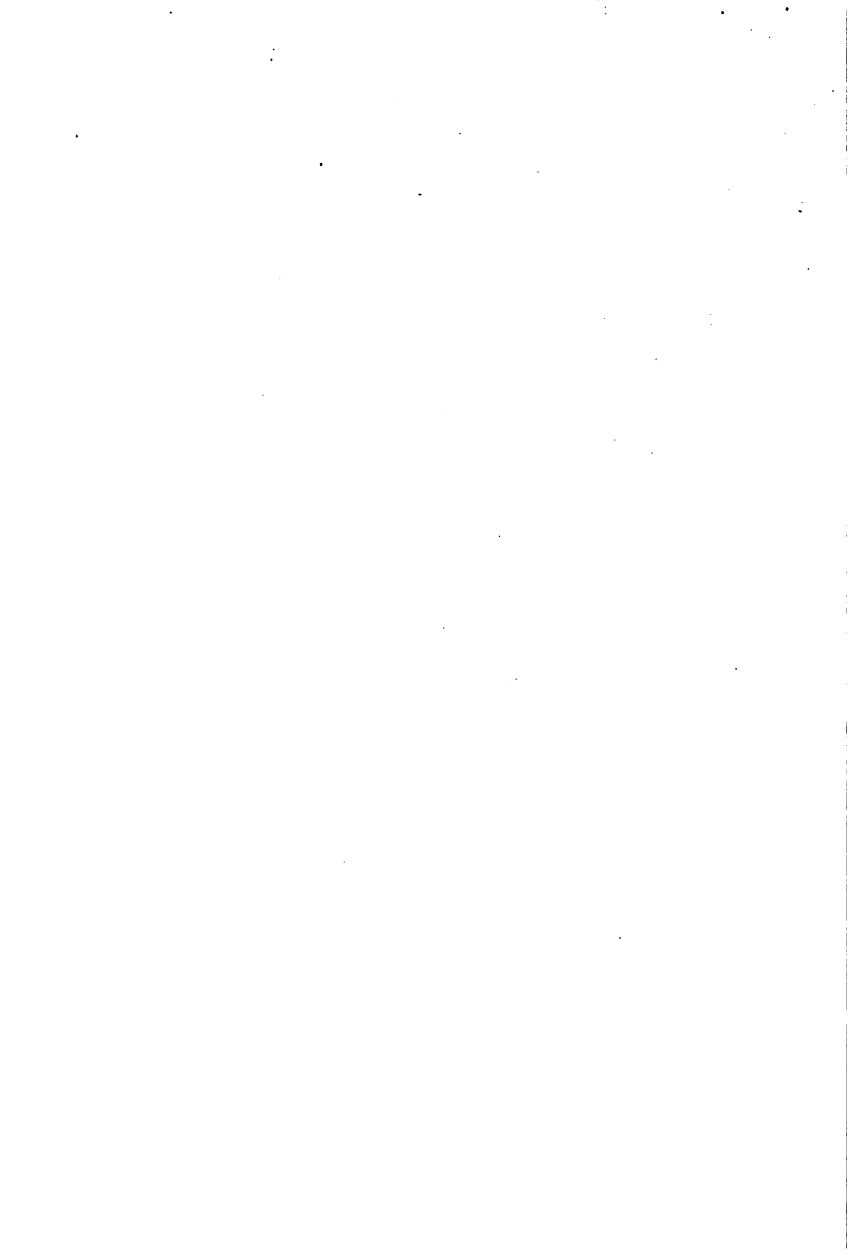
*The scene of Whittier's
last days*

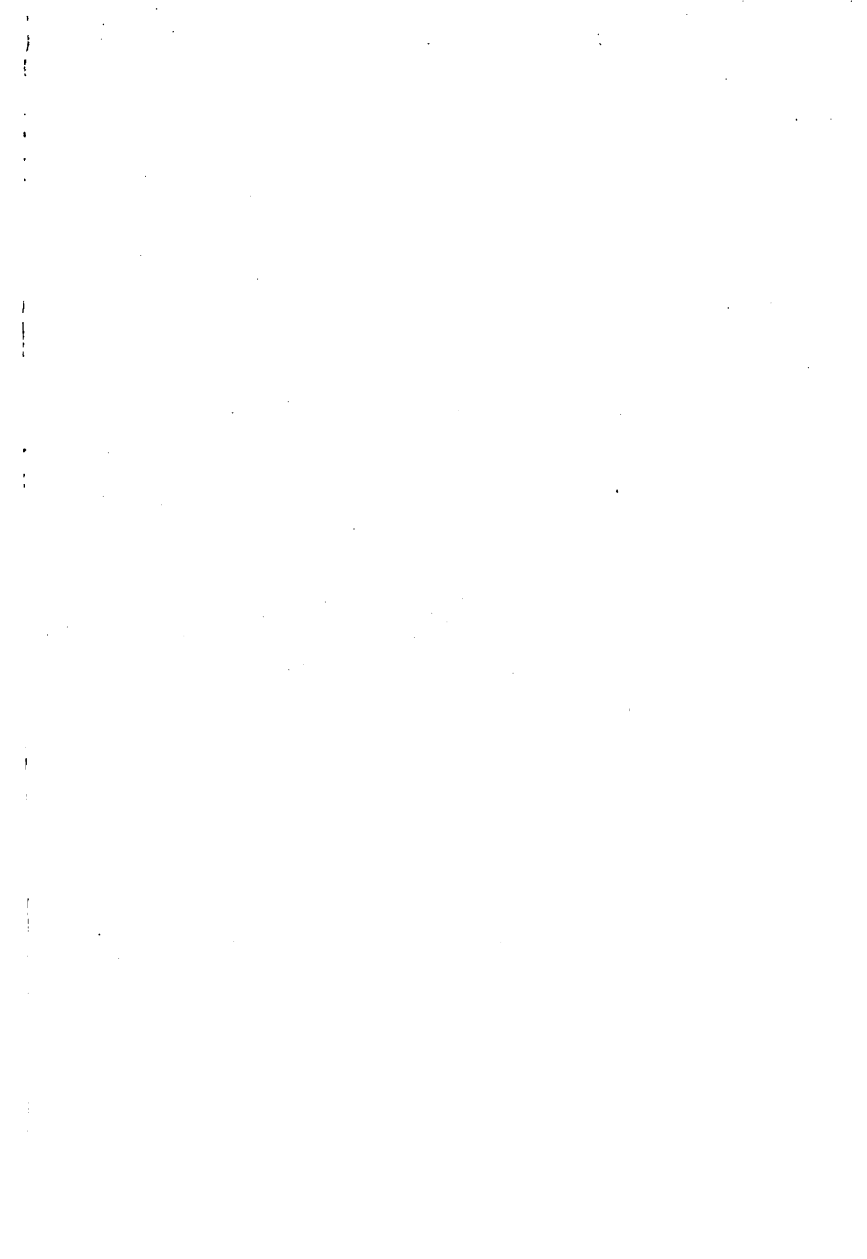
*And we never thought him old,
Though his locks were white as snow.
O heart of gold, grown suddenly cold,
It was not time to go!**

*"Whittier," by Margaret E. Sangster

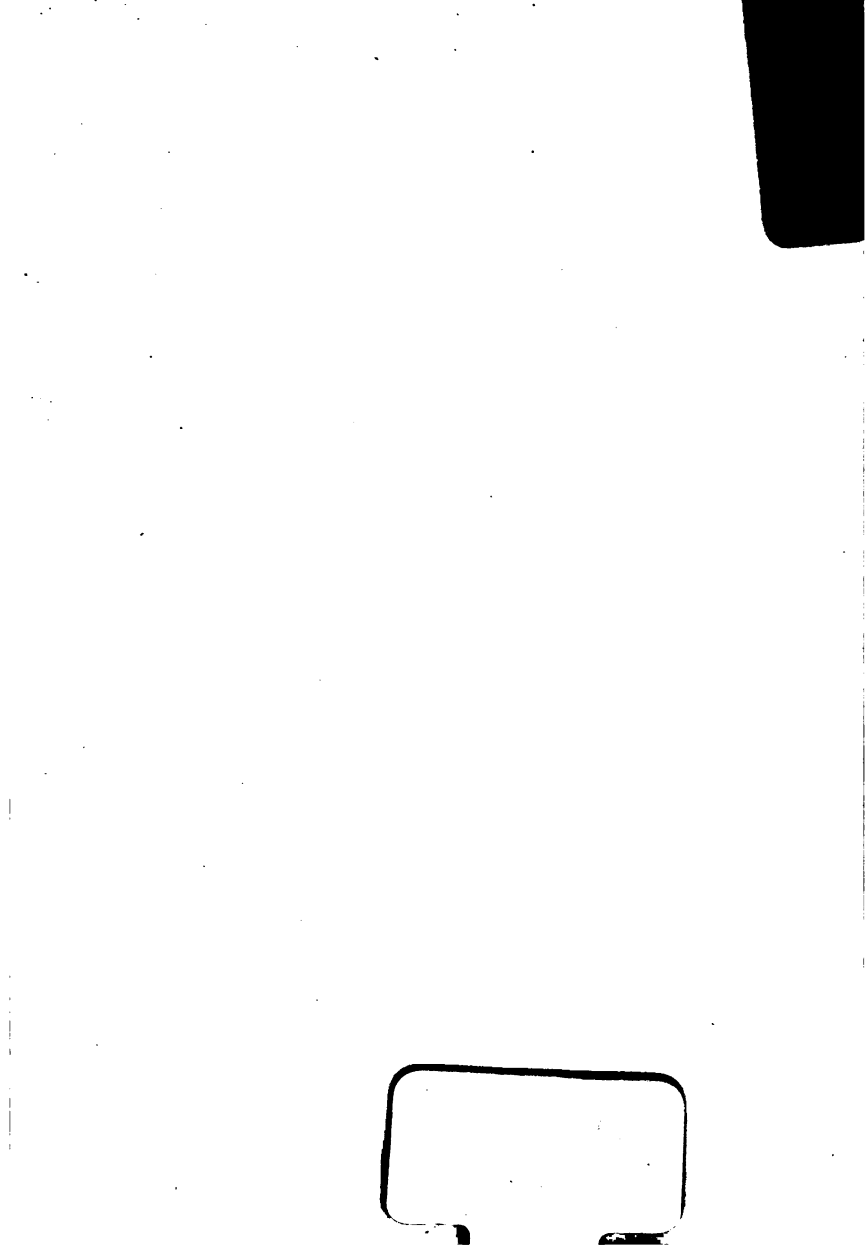












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